Have Love Will Travel by blithesea, womenseemwicked

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Summary:

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Have Love Will Travel

Author's Note:

> Billy POV by ficsandfuckery (women-seem-wicked on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea (bites-heal on tumblr).

Steve follows Billy home in the Beemer and - true to his word - doesn't stop when they get there. But he does slow down to a crawl, and shoot Billy a wink when he glances back to shoo him off.

"Why are you winking, Steve?" Billy mutters to himself in an attempt at annoyance as he quietly climbs the backdoor steps. "Stop that," he grins.

Billy takes forever to fall asleep, but when he finally does he sleeps like a log. Almost makes it to school late because he sleeps through his alarm and Max has to rouse him with a wholesome yell of: "Wake up, asshole, we're gonna be late!"

He knows he's got time to come home before Steve picks him up for their *overnight* date, and he will, but he packs his toothbrush into his backpack anyway as he leaves the bathroom, smiling a little to himself.

For the first time in nearly a week he feels almost himself that day. Engages in conversation, eats well at lunch, even wins the two consecutive games of poison they play at Basketball practice because coach is out sick and the physics teacher has to take over.

The only irregularity is in how he treats his favorite teacher, Mrs. Robinaugh. The same one who encouraged him to bring up college options with his father because "there are scholarships for kids with good grades and limited incomes, Billy. I'd love to help you apply," and "Your father wants you to succeed, I'm sure! Just bring it up! What can it hurt?" Today he treats Mrs. Robinaugh a bit like a leper. And though he can see the hurt and confusion on her face, it gratifies him to pass on the pain somewhat.

He sees Steve a little throughout the day, but they don't talk except as competitors at practice, trading barbs that fill the air with electricity when it ends up being Steve vs. Billy alone on the court while the rest of the team sits and watches, reacting with boos and cheers and hisses as they appear to tear each other apart.

The audience keeps them honest, but just barely. Keeps Billy from doing what he'd love to do and letting Steve beat him just to bring out *King Steve*, or saying *fuck this kid game* and pinning him to a wall to lick the sweat from his skin.

After school Billy drives Max home and quickly packs a small overnight bag, then realizes he doesn't know for sure what they'll be doing and the clothes he's packed would only work if they're staying home at *his* place for the weekend.

He unpacks and repacks several times before he realizes he should change and fix his hair too, which throws him into a whole new mild panic. At one point Max comes in to complain about the noise and finds him in a state of partial undress trying to decide between three different shirts. He quickly zips up his fly and glares at her over his shoulder.

"Ew, jesus, Billy! Warn a girl!" she complains, covering her eyes exaggeratedly even though she didn't see anything and he's been shirtless around the house enough.

"Learn to knock!" Billy throws back with equal venom. Max rolls her eyes.

"What're you doing, anyway? Putting on a fashion show?"

"Fuck *off*, Maxine."

She steps further into his room and glances at the shirts on display. Checks out his ass like someone judging the quality of a stapler.

"You should wear that one with those jeans," she says, pointing.

Billy raises his eyebrows at her and his jaw might fall a little open too, because Max giving him fashion advice is about as conceivable as the thought of him giving *her* tips on skating. She shrugs.

“Where’d you get the pretty rock?” she asks, glancing at his chest with a knowing smirk.

Billy covers the pendant with his hand and frowns. “None of your business, shitbird,” he grumbles with less heat than he would’ve even the day before. “Get out.”

“Fine, fine,” Max throws up her hands, wandering toward the door. “I’m just saying, whoever it is clearly likes you a lot,” she pauses at the door for maximum effect. “That thing matches your eyes dead on,” she smirks.

Billy continues to glare at her distrustingly.

“Have fun on your *date!*” she calls from the hall, and Billy has a bit of a heart-attack until he remembers that they’re home alone and there’s no *way* she knows his date is with a guy, much less *which* guy.

He glances at his watch. *Shit!* 6:40. He needs to head out *soon*. He pulls on the shirt Max indicated, buttons it halfway, tucks it in, and grabs his cologne. Wrists, neck, and after a moment’s thought, he reaches under the waistband of his jeans.

“Maaax!” he hollers as he shrugs on his jean jacket and checks its pockets - then realizes they might want more than travel-sized amounts, and quickly grabs the lube from his vanity, stuffing it into his backpack.

“Wasteoid!” she hollers back from the living room. Billy shoulders his bag and walks out his door to find her on the couch.

“Tell my dad I’m doing an overnighter with some girl from school,” he says, leaving his bedroom door intentionally open. After all these years he’s realized that the only true way to keep Neil from destroying his shit while he’s out - looking for his “stash,” whatever that means - is to make it seem unappealingly open and available.

Max turns a skeptical look on him and looks him over.

“What’s her name?” she asks. “You know, for realism.”

She doesn’t know, Billy reassures himself. *She’s just fishing. It’s obvious*

you're lying, but not about what part.

"There's a chaperone-free trip to the movies with a friend of your choice in it for you if you just go with me on this," he entreats. And then before she can get any ideas: "*Not* Sinclair."

Max makes a face.

"With popcorn?" she bargains.

"And candy," he agrees.

Max raises an eyebrow, but quickly clears her face of any curiosity and turns back to the comic on her lap.

"Have fun with your girlfriend, loser," she says.

Billy snorts and pushes out the back door.

"See you."

--

"*Steve*."

"Nnnnnnngghhhhhh."

"*Steve*!" The hissed sibilants of his name drag Steve slowly out of sleep, though for a moment he wonders why his pillow is so hard. Then he realises that he has fallen asleep on his desk. And drooled on it. He slowly raises his head, but thank god, his teacher has his back to the class, is writing something on the board and rambling about mitochondria. He hasn't noticed.

"*You were starting to snore,*" a classmate behind him whispers helpfully, and Steve lifts his hand in a gesture of thanks. He may be flunking Biology anyway, but he really doesn't need to be sent to the principal's office for falling asleep in class today.

"Late night?" Jonathan asks him with a smirk when he stifles a yawn during lunch.

“Early morning,” Steve grumbles. He doesn’t want to have to explain his late night driving, even though Jonathan and Nancy would probably understand it. And he really doesn’t want to talk about what he’s been doing other than driving.

“Do you have anything planned for the weekend?” Nancy asks him, picking at her meatloaf. “Jonathan and I are going bowling in Bloomington, do you want to come?”

Steve pulls a face, and he can see Jonathan twitch from the corner of his eyes.

“No thanks,” he says to save them both. “I got a date.”

“A date?”

Shit. He should have known Nancy would ask about that. He gives her a small smile. “Yeah. No one you know.”

“Well, does she like bowling? Maybe we could…”

“Nope, hates bowling. Not a chance. Thanks, though.” He stabs his own meatloaf. Thank god Billy isn’t around to hear him blab like this.

The thoughtful way Nancy looks at him makes him wish he could just rewind the last five minutes. He beats a hasty retreat before she can ask about any more details on this girl he’s supposedly dating. Nancy is too clever by half, but could she even guess about Billy and him? He decides he really doesn’t want to know.

Time seems to crawl until he can finally race home and start preparing for this trip. Food and drinks are most important. Steve bribes the maid into fixing some sandwiches, ransacks his parents’ supplies and decides to make a quick stop at the convenience store before picking up Billy. He gets some flowers first, a dozen red roses, and grins when he imagines Billy’s face when he sees those. He stops by the personal hygiene aisle, considers. How many condoms could they actually need, for the night and maybe the morning, too? Biting his lip, he decides to shop for all eventualities.

The cashier is raising her eyebrows once he checks out, though he can’t tell if it’s the three packs of condoms or the family-sized bottle

of lube. He stares her down, daring her to say something, but she just rings up the rest of his stuff and puts everything in a bag.

“Have a pleasant day.”

“Thanks, I will.”

At home, he packs everything into the station wagon, whistling while he works. He leaves his mother a note on the kitchen counter, but who knows. With any luck she won’t even notice he’s gone. On the road to Billy’s, his feeling of giddy anticipation starts to turn into nervousness. The thing last night… hopefully Billy will be cool about it. Steve resolves not to talk about it unless Billy does.

His heart does a little jump when he sees Billy standing by the road near the old playground. Waiting for him.

Steve stops, waits for Billy to get in. Smiles.

“Hey, gorgeous.”

—

“Nice wheels, pretty boy,” Billy smirks, wiggling his ass a little on the wooden bead seat-cover. “D’you rob an old lady?” The cream interiors clash harmoniously with the gold paint job, and matches almost impossibly perfectly the colors of the seat covers, which he notices are in the back seat as well. He wonders passingly how these things would feel on his bare ass, before his eyes catch on a hint of red poking out from behind his seat. Roses.

“Are these for--?” Billy’s eyes dart over to Steve in astonishment and for a second he can’t tell if he’s horrified or seriously touched. Steve nods almost regretfully. From his rising blush and the fact that he simply shifts the car into gear and heads back onto the roads instead of meeting his eye, Billy can tell he’s not quite sure how he should react either.

Billy pulls the roses out from the back and smells them, then rests them gingerly in his lap. Stares for a second like they might disappear or become venomous snakes.

“You bought me goddamn flowers, Harrington,” he says, eyeing the things bewilderedly. He still doesn’t know how he feels about them, but he’s leaning toward whatever emotion makes you want to kiss someone.

--

“Yeah, well.” Steve can feel a flush creep up the back of his neck. “I thought…”

It was a stupid idea, he realizes that now. What’s Billy gonna do with them, put them in a vase? Steve only knows that he wanted Billy to have them.

—

“You’re so fuckin’ corny, baby,” Billy chuckles and waits until the pickup truck on their left passes by before reaching over and giving Steve’s right thigh a little squeeze, meeting his eyes with a brief, coy smile. He sets the roses carefully on the dash where he can enjoy them without fear of crushing them, and glances back at the road as Steve merges onto the highway. He notices with interest that they’re headed south - *away* from civilization, and leans back in his annoyingly comfortable wooden ball-covered seat.

It’s only then that he registers the music quietly playing on the car stereo, and glances over at Steve again before leaning in and turning the volume up to hear it better.

“Is this…” he pauses doubtfully. “*Scorpions*?”

--

Steve can’t help a smile, a little proud of himself. He hadn’t been sure if Billy would notice, and, okay, the surprised tone is a *bit* much. As if he only ever plays what Billy considers shit music. But he had gone out of his way to try and buy some tapes Billy wouldn’t absolutely hate listening to, a few weeks ago. And The Scorpions were something he couldn’t pass over. Though Billy probably doesn’t even remember that one of their songs was blaring loudly from the Camaro’s speakers the first time Steve ever clapped eyes on him.

Steve remembers.

“Yeah, well,” he says, shrugging. “We got about three hours on the road now, I didn’t want to spend the entire time listening to you bitch about my taste in music.”

Though he can’t *wait* to break out the Sonny and Cher tape. Billy is gonna hate it so much.

—

Billy’s eyes widen somewhat and he glances quickly at a passing roadmarker in the hopes it will tell him what the hell is three hours away from here. It doesn’t.

“Where the hell are you taking me, pretty boy? You know there’s a Motel 6 just up the road a couple miles, right?” he smirks.

--

Steve smiles. The thought of him and Billy in a motel room hadn’t even occurred to him before. It would probably be pretty sordid. Do they have room service in motels? He can’t remember ever staying in one.

“I’m not telling you where we’re going,” he says. “All part of the plan, babe. If you end up hating it, it’ll be too late to turn back.”

He doesn’t *think* Billy’s going to hate it, but. Who knows.

—

Billy rolls his eyes.

“I’m not gonna hate it as long as it involves your dick,” he promises. Then frowns and glances at Steve concernedly. “It does involve sex, right?”

--

God. If it doesn’t involve lots and lots of sex, Steve’s going to die of blue balls. Still, he sighs and shakes his head.

“I should have known,” he mumbles theatrically. “That’s all you care about… Where’s the *romance*, Hargrove?

—

“Haven’t you already given us enough romance to go on for a year?” Billy sighs, gesturing towards the flowers as if annoyed. But he grins and turns an only slightly exaggerated adoring smile on Steve, and puts his hand back on his thigh, this time a little higher.

“Seriously though, baby, if I don’t get a chance to make sweet love to your gorgeous cock tonight I’m gonna cry.”

--

Just hearing Billy say the word ‘cock’ seems to make Steve’s pants just a little bit tighter. He puts his hand over Billy’s on his thigh, holds it there, because if Billy gets even a bit more adventurous, Steve may just run them off the highway. And no. They better not have any roadside accidents until *after* their whole night of fucking. Or *making sweet love*, as Billy calls it.

Steve flushes at bit, the memory of last night rising to the surface of his mind. Billy saying those words. Steve doesn’t doubt that he meant them, then. But the whole thing had been so fucked up, both Billy and himself completely fucked over by that thing with his father, and the bruises… That had been so extreme and fucking painful. It isn’t fair to hold Billy to anything he said in that moment. He probably feels different now, and that is okay. What they have is good. No need to muddle it up with talking about love.

He squeezes Billy’s hand fondly. “You’ll get plenty of chances,” he says, desperately groping for something to say to lighten his own mood. “I’m pretty motivated to make sure you do, aren’t I?”

—

Billy smirks a little.

“More chances if you let me drive, I bet,” he reasons. “Sweetheart, you drive like my dead grandmother. I can have us wherever we’re going in two hours, two-fifteen tops.”

--

“Okay, that’s a firm no,” Steve protests. “One, you don’t know where we’re going, and two, this car isn’t made for the speed you’re used to, and I’d rather we get there safe instead of ending up wrapped around a tree.”

—

Billy rolls his eyes and pulls one of the roses out of the bouquet restlessly.

“Exactly,” he points out as he turns the stem between his fingers, “I don’t know how to get there, so I can’t help navigate if we get lost. And you don’t know what I’ve driven before Baby. For all you know I learned to drive on a forklift.”

He snaps the stem down to a more manageable length and sets the rose into his hair just behind his left ear. Turns and bats his lashes at Steve with a coy smile.

“Please, Stevie? I’ll be good, I promise. I’ll cut the travel time and I *won’t* endanger our lives.”

--

Damn, but Billy makes a good case. Steve wishes he hadn’t made the mistake to look at him. When Billy makes eyes at him like that, it’s pretty damn impossible to deny him anything.

“Okay, you can drive,” he says, but when Billy shifts excitedly in his seat, he adds, “Later. I’m gonna take us through the highway part of it, and then we can switch.”

The hurt look Billy shoots him should *not* sway his resolve.

—

“So like, the whole thing,” Billy grumbles. “You heartless tease. I’ve always wanted to drive a ‘vo,” he glances over at Steve from his peripheral vision to see if that made any impression, but from Steve’s disbelieving smirk it seems it did not. Damn. He sighs and turns back

to look into the back seat again, hoping for something to distract himself with. “What do you even *do* in a car for three hours besides drive or have sex? I don’t know what to do with myself!”

--

“Jesus,” Steve laughs. Maybe he should have brought a coloring book or an etch-a-sketch.

“There’s food if you’re hungry. Drinks, too. You could sleep for a bit.” He smirks. “‘Cause it would be a shame if we get there and I gotta tuck you in right away, when it’s after your bedtime and all…”

—

Billy gives Steve’s shoulder a shove.

“Asshole,” he says affectionately as he returns to the front empty-handed. “You’re loving this, aren’t you. On a normal day I’d have been working out from 6:30 till around…” he glances at his watch, “half an hour from now. I need *something* to do.”

--

“Yeah, this is exactly what I’ve been dreaming of all week,” Steve rolls his eyes. “Getting you in a car for a three-hour drive just so I can listen to you bitch about being bored.”

He shoots a look at Billy, smirks. “Hey, maybe next time we can invite Dustin and Max and all the other little shits, you know, to bring up the maturity level.”

—

Billy taps his fingers on his knees to the beat of the music and groans.

“I swear to God, don’t even *joke* about that, Harrington,” he says. “That is too horrifying to comprehend. And is reminding me of the favor I offered Maxine for covering for me tonight. Jesus, I must really like you or something,” he laughs bitterly.

--

Steve smiles out at the road. “Aw… you bribed your little sister so you could meet with me and annoy me in a car for hours? I take it all back, baby. You *are* a romantic.”

He takes Billy’s hand and presses a kiss to it.

—

Billy pulls their hands over and kisses Steve’s with a smirk.

“Damn straight, I am,” he says. “I’m really *really* romantic.”

Shrugging off Steve’s hand, he slips his down between Steve’s thighs, parted in sitting always to accommodate that dick, and gives it a squeeze and a stroke.

--

“Christ!” Steve yelps, and bumps the steering wheel, swerving hard into the left lane before he regains control over his reflexes. “Don’t *do* that, I am driving! Do you want to kill us?”

He glares over at Billy, who is looking entirely too smug, and not even a little bit ashamed of himself. “Are you going to be like this for the rest of the trip?”

--

Billy moves his hand mercifully a half an inch away from Steve’s groin and continues to massage his fingers gently.

“You seem tense, baby,” he says softly. “Let me help you unwind.”

—

“I am *not* gonna let you give me a handjob while I’m *driving*!” Steve complains, and it’s insane that he even has to say that out loud! “Are you fucking kidding me?”

--

“Hey, shh, baby...” Billy glances at the opposing lane of traffic and is

gratified to see that they're practically alone at this time and place on a Friday. He leans in to speak against Steve's ear. "It doesn't have to be a handjob," he says. "And you don't *have* to be driving."

—

The mere thought of Billy's mouth on his cock — because that's what he's implying, Steve *knows* it is — is making him uncomfortable in his pants, but Steve doesn't dare adjust himself now, that would be letting Billy know he's winning, dammit. He just shakes his head, instead.

"You're impossible," he says. "You're just doing this to get behind the wheel, I know it." And damn, if a blowjob from Billy isn't the most irresistible bribe he can think of now.

—

"What if I am?" Billy smiles. "Last time I bribed someone you said it was *romantic*. Can't this be, too?" He pauses for a moment and glances out the window. "Or maybe because it's *sex* on offer this time, the bribery part makes it kinky." He returns his lips to Steve's ear and whispers, "What do you think? Would I make a good whore, pretty boy? Would you pay?" He chuckles and presses his palm into Steve's thigh a little harder, so the fabric of Steve's pants tightens around him.

—

"Billy, I swear to God," Steve mutters under his breath, doing his best to ignore the tightness in his groin and failing miserably. "If you don't stop it, I…" He hesitates just in time to stop himself from saying, *I'm going to pull over and fuck that mouth to shut you up*. Fucking hell. Billy has his balls on a chain, and he fucking knows it.

--

"Stop what?" Billy asks. "Stop this?" He moves his hand so his fingertips touch Steve *just* on the outside of the hardening outline of his cock and strokes them softly up and down. He smiles down at it in satisfaction and then returns his lips to Steve's ear. "Or stop saying

dirty things in your ear?" he asks, voice low. "I think you're gonna have to figure out an end to that sentence, baby, because I'm not gonna stop until you make me."

—

Steve tries to slap Billy's hand away and ends up swerving again, just a little.

"Alright! You win!" He starts slowing down and halts the car on a wide enough spot at the shoulder of the road. "But just so we're clear, I'm only gonna let you blow me so you shut up, and don't accidentally kill us by making me crash this car. That's the *only* reason!"

Well. The main reason, anyway. Or at least a damn good reason. If anyone ever asks.

—

Billy grins widely and pulls Steve's pouting lips into his as a family van slows and passes them, likely getting an eyeful. Well, fuck 'em. He kisses Steve softly and slowly and palms his cock directly through his jeans now.

"Mm that's right, whisper sweet trash talk in my ear, baby," he mocks, giving Steve's balls a firm squeeze.

—

"You are such an asshole," Steve grumbles into the kiss, but, damn. It's the first kiss they have shared all day, and he's missed kissing Billy, a lot. It's been ages.

He squeezes Billy's hand on his balls with his own and groans. "Please tell me you weren't just saying all that to wind me up," he says, because if Billy doesn't get that sweet hot mouth on his cock soon, he might as well die.

--

Billy kisses him a bit longer before pulling away with a wet sound,

licking his lips as he leans in again, closer.

“Baby, I want your cock more than I’ve ever wanted to drive your damn station wagon.” He kisses him again and flicks the button on his jeans open.

—

“You say such sweet things,” Steve gives back wryly, but at the same time, he eagerly pushes his hips up into Billy’s clever fingers, and then reaches down to pull down his underpants when things aren’t moving fast enough.

--

Billy glances down at the cock now on display, admiring his handiwork, and gives Steve one last kiss.

“Not as sweet as what I’m about to *do*,” he promises, scooting his ass back on his seat to give him space to lean down, glad for a lack of true separation between the two seats, to twirl his tongue around the head of Steve’s cock and down the shaft.

—

“Oh, fuck,” Steve moans, and his hand automatically rests on the back of Billy’s head, threading through his curls, he can’t help it. Billy has barely started yet, but it’s so good, just the way Steve always remembers it when he jerks himself off alone at home, under the shower, before going to sleep, after waking up.

“Yeah, baby, fuck, you feel so good…”

--

Billy hums and takes him between his lips tightly. Steve is rapidly becoming his favorite person to give blowjobs to full stop, and one of the reasons is how desperately obvious he is about enjoying it. He doesn’t hide behind “manly” grunts or stoic silence, or mewl like an unconvincing porn star. He’s just *real* and unashamed.

Billy takes him deep and swallows him deeper, and feels a stirring in

his own groin that tells him underwear was a good fucking choice today. He groans around the cock in his throat and breathes through his nose.

—

“Shit,” Steve hisses, clenching his ass to stop himself from bucking up into Billy’s mouth. He does his utmost to stay calm, let Billy set the pace, for now, just lightly moves the tips of his fingers over Billy’s scalp. He doesn’t want anything to come in between Billy’s mouth and his cock.

--

Pushing the heel of his palm into his own groin as if that will stop the blood flow, Billy pulls up off of Steve and glances up at him with wet lips still on his cock.

“Don’t hold back now, baby,” he smirks a little, licking him. “You wanna get your money’s worth, don’t you? Tell me what you want, sweetheart. Tell me how it feels.”

—

Steve moans. The image shouldn’t be so hot, this is his *boyfriend*, not a tart he picked up on the side of the road. But when Billy leans down again to swallow him up, the lines seem to blur a little.

“Feels so good, baby,” Steve says, closing his eyes tightly at a particularly savage bit of suction. “Fuck, you feel amazing, can’t believe how good you are at this, can’t believe you, uh, you can take it all…”

--

Billy hums and bobs his head shallowly a couple times before sinking down all the way again. He swirls his tongue over whatever he can as he sucks his way back up, switching his left hand to his own erection - still sort of trying to hold it at bay, but ineffectively, since he’s now occasionally stroking it too - so he can focus his right on reaching between Steve’s legs to play with his balls gently.

—

“I wanna, uh, I wanna fuck your mouth,” Steve says breathlessly, and okay, saying it out loud just adds to the heat in his cheeks, but he knows Billy is up for it, usually, he remembers the first time in his car, when Billy practically pushed him to it, and it was so hot.

--

Billy turns his face to look up at Steve through his lashes and lets the cock slip almost completely from his wide open mouth in the process, smiling around it and moaning as he reaches his right hand up to tighten Steve’s grip in his hair encouragingly. He takes a deep breath in through his nose and winks as passing headlights illuminate them unevenly for a moment. *Do it, baby. Fuck my fucking throat.*

—

Watching Billy becomes almost too much, Steve has to close his eyes for a second to control himself. Then he realizes that he doesn’t have to, that Billy doesn’t *want* him to. He holds Billy’s head and bucks up, all the way in, again and again, and Billy takes it like he has never done anything else.

“Fuck, baby,” Steve whines, slumping back into the seat. “Fuck, you feel so good, I want you so much,” and he can’t even articulate what exactly he wants, but he knows Billy is going to do his damnedest to give it to him.

--

Those words go straight to Billy’s dick and he moans needily around the cock in his mouth even as he does all he can to keep himself wide open and pliant to Steve’s will. Historically, Billy’s never really seen the appeal of praises in sex. Anything his partners have had to tell him he’s already known. But when Steve says it - beautiful Steve with the face, and the cock, and the *disposition* that anybody would be *honored* to fuck - it means something.

He presses his hips irresistibly into his palm and thinks about opening his jeans just enough to let his cock move a little. Groans and

breathes through the press of Steve's length against the back of his throat over and over. *So good.*

—

"Billy!" The vibration of Billy's moan around his cock is enough to finish Steve, and he's hit by it so hard that he forgets to warn Billy, just pulls his hair, holds him close, bucks up into that sweet, sweet mouth one last time before he comes.

--

Billy's cock throbs in his too-tight jeans as Steve shoves him down to swallow every last drop, and he can feel it shooting down his throat - loves that he can just sit back and let its own momentum do the work. He groans and fists his own hopeless erection as Steve slowly loosens his grip and pulls him up and off his cock little by little.

—

Taking deep breaths, Steve looks down at Billy, sighs when Billy lets his softening cock slip from his mouth and looks directly at him. Billy's head half-resting on his thigh, he can see Billy's hand working his own cock, though he doesn't seem to have even gotten it out of his jeans yet.

"Baby," he says softly, touching Billy's cheek. "Fuck, you're so good…"

He shoots a significant glance down at Billy's crotch. "You want help with that?"

--

Billy can't help it. He groans.

"Yeah," he says, pulling his hand reluctantly away from his insistently needy hard-on and marveling as always at how gravelly and raw his voice sounds now. "Yeah, fuck."

He pushes himself up to sit, clumsily, and wipes his saliva-slick mouth and chin with the back of his hand.

“You’re so goddamn hot. I need it.”

—

Steve puts himself away, hissing at the first touch of his underwear to his spit-damp cock, and then unbuckles his seat-belt.

“Outside,” he says, and opens the door before Billy responds, walks over to the passenger side. He gets the door for Billy, pulls him out and closes it behind him, then he backs Billy against it. In the dark, he could almost miss the way Billy’s ears are red, the way his pupils are blown. But he’d see those things even with closed eyes now.

Steve leans in for a quick kiss, moans and grimaces at the taste on Billy’s tongue. He both loves and hates it, sucks on Billy’s tongue until he can’t taste it anymore and Billy is moaning, bucking his groin into Steve’s to remind him of his promise. *Alright*, Steve wants to reassure him. *I got you.*

He releases Billy’s mouth and gets down on his knees on the packed dirt road, glad for the darkness that envelops them but infinitely aware that any car going past might see their shadows, or at least Billy’s, against the outline of the car. Still, Billy probably won’t need much. His cock is hard and leaking and jumping at Steve’s touch when Steve pulls it out of the confines of Billy’s pants.

Hello there, he greets it with a silent smile, and leans in to lick the bit of wet at the tip, feels Billy’s hands in his hair.

--

Billy shivers and shudders at the first touch of Steve’s tongue to his aching cock and moans a little in his ravaged throat.

“Fuck,” he gasps. “Yeah, baby. God, I’m so close already.”

Everything about this is so overwhelmingly hot. Steve dropping to his knees without a further thought, the headlights passing by behind them, however infrequently, that don’t quite illuminate them but still could spell their undoing any minute. Billy’s always been a bit of an exhibitionist, but it’s never translated to getting roadside head in the dark. He wonders if maybe it can again, sometime when he’ll be able

to last.

Because this time he can feel his climax approaching swiftly, as Steve sucks him down between his lips and swirls his tongue expertly. Can feel the end in sight almost as soon as he begins.

“Fuck, baby, make me come. I’m so close,” he moans, trying hard not to buck his hips into that giving heat.

—

Steve groans around Billy’s cock, tries to make it as good as he can, tries to suck harder, go deeper with every single thrust. There’s something different about Billy’s cock, at first he thinks he’s imagining it, a faint smell, a distant tingle on his tongue, puts it down to the unfamiliar surroundings, the thrill of every passing car throwing light on Billy, with his eyes closed and his head thrown back. But, no, it’s definitely *something*. Steve finds the taste odd, and wonders if it’s something Billy ate, knowing that they were meeting that night. The idea of Billy thinking of him sucking his cock, of trying to *prepare* is unbelievably hot. He moans, squeezing Billy’s balls.

--

Billy cries out and gives Steve a second’s warning, tugging a little harder than he means to on his hair as orgasm takes him over, shuddering through his body, spilling hot into Steve’s sweet mouth. He practically yells with how good it is, because out in the night on the side of the road he *can* - feels a bit like a wild animal staking its claim - and he lets the giddiness of that feeling chase him through the waves of his orgasm.

—

Swallowing as much as he can, Steve sucks gently on Billy’s cock until there’s nothing left. He gets up, grunting a bit at the way his knees protest the hard ground, and holds Billy’s damp cock for a moment before he carefully tucks it away for him. Billy looks like he’s still catching his breath. Steve leans against him, gently pressing him against the car.

“Hey,” he says, takes Billy’s hand.

--

Billy wraps an arm around Steve’s back and pulls him close, their come breath mingling frostily in the dark, and smiles softly, his muscles feeling momentarily too weak for a full grin.

“Hey,” he replies, and kisses the side of his mouth where a little of his come leaked out, cleaning it off for him.

--

The cold is biting at Steve’s back, but he is intent on ignoring it for a little while longer. Standing with Billy so close, so openly is just too damn satisfying. Every car rushing by them, few as they are by now, sends a thrill down his spine. He shivers, leaning closer to Billy.

“Did you, um. Did you do something, with your dick?” he asks, snaking a hand around to Billy’s ass, pushing it into the back pocket of Billy’s jeans. Perfect place to cop a feel. “It tasted kinda… different.”

--

Billy feels his cheeks burn a little and is grateful for the darkness around them suddenly. He bites his bottom lip.

“You noticed that?” he asks, trying to determine from the tone of Steve’s question whether the “different” he tasted was better or worse and coming up empty. He’s put cologne there before going out to fuck for as long as he remembers, but he’s never had somebody mention it to him. And suddenly he realizes he has no idea how he’d react if somebody put cologne on a dick they wanted *him* to suck.

“It’s um…” He shifts a little uncomfortably. Huffs a little breath against Steve’s neck. “It’s probably my cologne,” he mutters.

--

Steve snorts at that, he can’t help himself. “You put cologne on your *dick*?” he asks, grinning, “What kind of a move is that?”

He bumps his lips against Billy's ear, sneaks a kiss on the lobe. "Were you thinking of me, when you did it?"

--

Billy bites down on a little moan at that. How does Steve manage to be hot even when he's poking fun at him like that?

"Yeah," he breathes, closing his eyes. "You know I was."

--

"Mmmmmmh," Steve sighs appreciatively. That's almost better than the pineapple thing. Thinking of Billy getting ready, primping for Steve, touching himself like that. "I like it," he decides. Then he stretches a little, sighs.

"Come on, baby. We better get going, don't want you to freeze your pretty ass off." He gives said ass a fond squeeze and lets go of Billy.

"And for the record, I don't think this whole blowjob thing saved us any time, in the long run…"

--

Billy smirks and turns so he's pushing Steve up against the passenger's side door now. Kisses him soundly.

"Hm," he sighs. "Isn't that a shame." And then he's pushing off him and circling around the front of the Harrington family Volvo, still hilariously wholesome looking even after what they just did to it, and pulling open the driver's side door to get in.

He pulls the seat a half inch closer to the steering wheel shamefully before his boyfriend joins him in the car and turns the key in the ignition.

"Feel less tense at least now, baby?" he smirks, as he shifts the car into gear and waits for a car to pass by heading south.

--

“You’re an asshole,” Steve says, but without any heat. He feels wonderful, actually, loose and almost boneless. He leans back into the seat, feels drowsiness tug at him temptingly.

“You should, um, stay on the highway till you see signs for the interstate. Then we gotta head west,” he says, closing his eyes for just a minute. Just to rest them for a little.

Author's Note:

> In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo’s tumblr here, great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)